

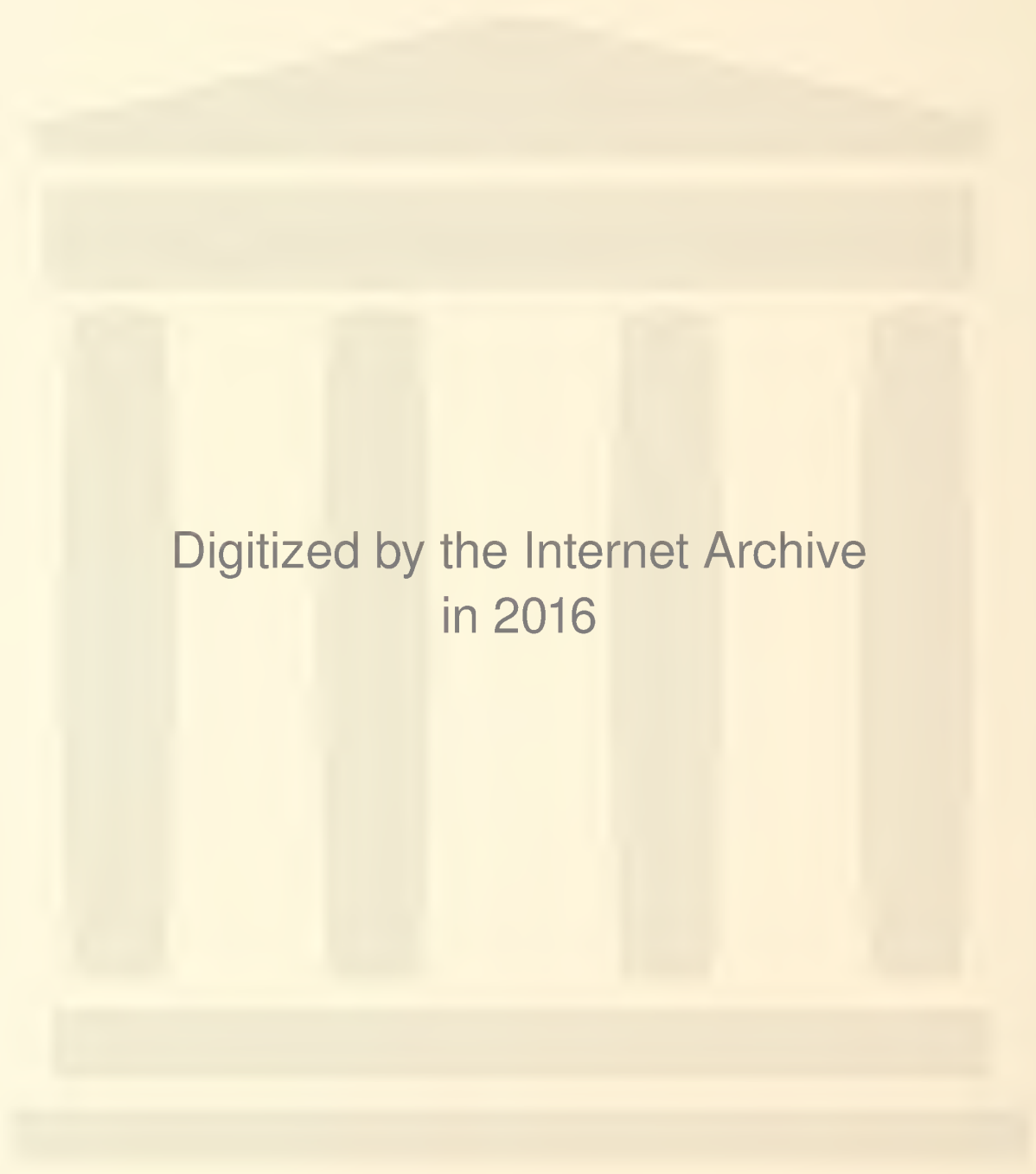
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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. 14.

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EDITORIAL.

WE publish in this issue an *Alma Mater* song which has just been written for the Glee Club. The tune to which it is sung is an old one. It has been used by a number of other colleges, notably Cornell and Brown, so that it is common property. However, these remarks are not to be taken in any way as an apology, but they are made for the purpose of stating that THE BURR will be glad to aid in any way the effort to increase the number of Lehigh songs. From time to time songs appeared on these pages, and the *Epitomes* of past years, and particularly that of Class of 'Ninety-five, have added to the store, but of all these, there are very few sung by the Glee Club, and none by the student-body. Some have deserved an early burial, but there are others which deserve a resurrection, and still others which have never gotten a trial at all. It lies in the power of the Glee Club to bring about the proper state of affairs in this particular. Let that band of accomplished artists do something of lasting good for Lehigh. Let them try every Lehigh song, old or new, that has ever been written, and try them on audiences, and we may safely predict that the survival of the fittest will leave us with a worthy list.

FROM the tone of the communications which we publish in the usual place, it would seem as if our editorial on the question of having a common meeting night for all the fraternities had not only been well timed, but would meet with the approval of a large part of the college. The time for carrying out this scheme, if it is a good one, is the present. The sooner the better, applies to this as well as to every other change that will benefit the established order of things. That to have a common meeting night would be a benefit can hardly be contradicted. It is difficult to see how a usage with so many points against it has so long obtained. The only objection that we can see to it is that some of the fraternities have been meeting on the same night for years, and have associations connected with the night, whichever one it is, that would make giving it up at least come a little hard. But if our correspondent, who signs himself "Undergraduate," is correctly informed, even that objection would disappear if the matter is properly handled. We believe that the fraternities themselves, as well as the student-body at large, want to see this thing done. The question then is, who will strike the blow. Our columns are open to fullest and freest discussion of it.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

BEING SUNDRY TALES OF NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR.

SIDNEY BENNETT.

IT was the fourth week of the great revival and all told, the number of souls saved aggregated two thousand, three hundred and eighty-seven.

This sum total included the various persons, who it would seem, had been themselves back-sliding on the universal toboggan of sin; many susceptible women, whose husbands, when they ate cold suppers while their wives dressed for church, roundly swore at this trespass of Christianity on their happy firesides; numerous girls and children, who giggled or wept as the evangelists saw fit to make them do; some of the town's *jeunesse dorée*, who went because the girls did; and last, but by no means least, almost the whole body of undergraduates.

This last item needs an explanation; and in order that a thorough elucidation may be given, the history of the revival from the advent of Blake, who started it, to the two thousand, three hundred and eighty-seven point will be recounted.

Blake was a converted contortionist and trapezeist. He had starred with Barnum and Forepaugh, and came plentifully advertised by press notices, pulpit notices and posters which showed him in his circus suit. His great specialty (all evangelists up to date have specialties) was to appear on the church platform in his circus tights and to show how one day he felt the ropes of the trapeze giving away when he was sixty feet above ground, and in his terror prayed for the first time since he left his dear mother's knee (here the women wept). Then he would tell how, when he fell, he caught on a nail placed by Providence for the occasion, on one of the poles, and he showed the very

rent in the lace on his sky-blue tights. This miraculous escape made such an impression upon him that he went to hear Moody, and was converted.

The tights proved to be magnetic to the women and children, and a few athletes from University went to get pointers for the spring meet. That was the extent of Blake's soul saving.

During his second week on the boards, the converted tragedian made his appearance. His specialty was to tell *risqué* tales of behind the scenes, and to show in the most dramatic way possible how he escaped from a burning theatre one night by falling over a Bible, that by some providential means got behind the scenes, and being precipitated thereby down an unused narrow stairway, of whose existence he was not aware; thence getting safely to the street, while his less fortunate fellow-actors perished in the flames. This got him to thinking over the great holes in his character, so that he very soon mended them.

These two were having great success with the women, children, athletes and amateur actors, when the converted gambler appeared on the scene, coming in a private car.

His specialty was to expose by means of wheels, cards, dice, and numerous other devices the methods of cheating in gambling. His story ran like this. One day a youth came into his den and "dropped" twenty thousand dollars. The youth thereupon blew his brains out, and the gambler, his conscience pricked, looked the matter up and found that the twenty thousand dollars were the life earnings of the young fellow's widowed mother; and he

gave the whole sum and thirty thousand more to her, and reformed. He was not out now to make money. Oh, no, he had plenty of that. He wanted to save youths from the error of their way; to this end, he went about the country showing how easy it is for professional gamblers to fleece novices, and sold and sold a book of exposes which received more attention from the student-body than any text-book ever written.

Then is when the college turned out almost en masse. Then is when midnight novels with the deck were in vogue and when Levy prospered; when loving parents wondered at their son's unusual fondness for paying athletic subscriptions, Y. M. C. A. dues, and anything else that the impecunious youth, who had not learned the lesson at church as well as his fellows, choose to use as an excuse in his numerous voluble missions to the fountain-head of lucre. Then is when almost all students were classed as "indigent," and Faculty meetings were prolonged far into the twilight, while the basketsful of petitions to be excused from the fee of the "re," were religiously waded through.

Thus ended the third week of the great life saving drill. The fourth week was ushered in brilliantly by the loudly heralded advent of the converted twin sisters.

The twin sisters—or as they were known throughout the college, the "sin twisters"—were two pretty and well dressed young women who had been reclaimed from the broad road that leads to everlasting perdition. They were specialties in themselves. Nevertheless, they had abundant extras; the sentimental old ladies were treated to the mother's-knee-prayer episode; the old men and young men and middle aged men to talks of New York by gaslight; and the young ladies got valuable "daily hints from Paris."

The rush for seats was something terrific and it finally became necessary to erect a tent and charge an admission fee of five cents. This was soon raised to ten cents and

the crowds still came. The railroads made special rates from the neighboring towns, and pretty nearly the whole valley "stood up" to be prayed for.

But Bennett wouldn't go. He said he didn't want to learn to tie himself up in a knot because he couldn't pass the entrance exams to heaven without it. He didn't want to learn to act—well, because he didn't. He always grew very serious when they spoke of the acting. He didn't want to learn the gambler's tricks, because in a square game of poker he could hold his own and frequently somebody else's, too, and he didn't want to hear the tales of New York because he could tell some just as good. And as for the religious part, he didn't believe there was any, and even if there was he was more than satisfied with what he got at chapel.

So Moore didn't go either, although he wanted to. He went where Bennet went and did as Bennett did. He thought, though, that Bennett was inconsistent. A man who professed to be so free from a desire for the racy, and who showed a decidedly clean and artistic taste, shouldn't show such a peculiar attachment for those two cigarette pictures.

Those pictures troubled Moore a great deal. They were about as much like art as cigarettes are like tobacco, and yet Bennet was very jealous of their treatment and fought shy of questions concerning them. They represented two chorus "girls" and the type at the bottom showed each to be Mlle. Somebody with a lot of "o's" and "j's" and "r's" in her name. Across the back in a bold hand was written "Sidney Bennett."

Moore had spoken about them only once. "Sidney," he said, "let me throw those things away. The rest of your room is in such exquisite taste that they look rank and out of place. Let me throw them away, won't you?"

"Don't let them trouble you, Moore; and don't trouble them or you'll get what Milliken got." They both smiled. Milliken was a picture fiend and had tried to smuggle them to his

room. Bennett had kicked him out the room and down the steps.

"I guess," said Moore, "Milliken is at the revival tonight. Lots of excitement there—big crowds and all that sort of thing. They're having it in church to-night, and what do you think? Charging a dollar admission. Think of it; a dollar!" and he pensively put his hands in his empty pockets.

Bennett muttered something about "fools" and added audibly, "Milliken is not there at that rate."

"What rate?" asked Moore.

"A dollar," answered Bennett.

"I say; lets go over just for the walk,—not to go in; just to see what sort of a crowd they have," Moore suggested.

"Well," said Bennett as they were feeling their way up the stairs on their return, "those fellows are making money. The church seemed crowded and at a dollar a head that means about five hundred dollars. There are five of them—got a match? Thanks—and that's a hundred dollars each. It paid them to come off the stage. That's all bosh about sending it to—good God! they're gone!" He stood staring at the wall and paled.

"What?"

"My pictures." He seemed to be bewildered and unable to comprehend. The match, already burnt low, scorched his fingers. With an angry exclamation he threw the stem away. They stood together silently a moment, then Moore asked: "Do you care much?"

"*Do I care!* DO I CARE! Why man, they're"—he drew in his breath quickly and got control of himself. "Yes, I care—a little," he said quickly. Then hurriedly, "Milliken, the sneak. Come, quick!" and he turned and rushed, stumbling against Moore, out of the room.

Moore groped his way out and ran after Bennett. When he got to where Milliken roomed Sidney was calling and ringing alternately. "They're over at the revival most

likely. I fancy they're better there than here just at present. But I'm going to get those pictures. Here, give me a boost, I'll get in by the porch roof. That's it; a little higher. Now. Ouch! d—n it! Barbed wire. My coat's caught—get under, quick. Hold th—that; this s-spout's giving. Phew!—I'm winded: Now, again! Oh Lord—a cop!"

Moore turned quickly. There was a r-r-rip of tearing clothes and a thud on the sidewalk. A policeman rushed from behind a tree box and fell heavily on Bennett. His knees were firmly planted on Bennett's chest, one hand clutched his throat and the other held a revolver pointed at Moore. Neither spoke, but each waited for the other to act. Bennet lay motionless and the officer, noting it, relaxed his hold and passed his hand around the back of Bennett's head. He felt a moist spot and knew he had but one man to deal with.

He arose and with his free hand took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Here," he commanded, "hold out your hands."

For answer, Moore vigorously shouted "Ninety-five," to call out his classmates, and the two grappled. As they rolled down the porch steps the officer dropped his revolver, and there was a sharp explosion. Immediately the street was filled with partially dressed men and women, and as they cautiously formed a ring about the two combatants, the policeman was saying, "Eh, you will, eh? You thief, you will monkey with me, eh? There," snapping the handcuffs, "how d'ye like that? So you're caught at last. Well, we were layin' fer you. Oh, we knowed it was students all the time. Here it's four weeks now since the wholesale thievin' begun, but I knowed I'd ketch you, if—. Shut up! Steady, there! no monkey shines. Here one of yours; this one's past fightin' here on the payment, and me fren' here got the nippers on. Gimme a lift, one o' yiz."

Immediately the men became brave, and a dozen volunteered to head the triumphant march to the jail. "Get a barrow fer the

hurted one," directed the officer. "More's the pity he ain't kilt. Well, this is a great night, what with nabbin' the gang at the church and gettin' these two what's been thievin' the town fer the last month. I knowed I'd ketch 'em."

The vigorous jolting of the barrow brought Bennett to his senses, and by the time they reached the municipal building, in which the jail was, he was able to sit up.

The officer was elated beyond measure when he found that the "city detectives" had not yet gone to "nab" the "church gang." Here was a chance to get endless fame. Vigorously pushing the unwilling Moore through the crowd of excited officers, he entered the police headquarters. The crowd of restless special detectives and regulars paused in their eager conversation as the triumphant roundsman entered with Moore, followed by Bennett supported by the deputy.

In an off-hand way, as though it were a usual occurrence, he began, "These fellows, chief, are the ones what's been thievin' about here the last month or so. I caught them in the act. This one here fell off the porch roof, and after I fixed him I caught the other."

Moore was glad they were placed in the same cell. The chief said they'd have to "double up" to make room for the "church gang." Bennett's head needed bandages, but a prejudiced police force does not make a good hospital corps. Most of the detectives had gone out, and only the "city chief" and the "town chief" remained to perfect the details of the raid. The former contended that it would be safer and surer to go up the narrow flight of steps leading from the basement to the pulpit to effect the wholesale capture. But the town officer wanted something more spectacular. He wanted to head the procession up the aisle, march on the stage, handcuff each culprit, and then explain to the audience the cause of the disturbance. He would place one of his best men at the back door, and there would be no escape there.

All this was audible from the cage in which the dozing Bennett and Moore, who was holding him in a comfortable position, were placed.

"Then," said the town chief, "I'll cuff each one of them, and say, 'Mr. So-and-So, I hereby place you under arrest.' Then I'll explain to the audience about them being a gang of thieves and shoplifters, and how we found all their stuff in the gambler's private car, and that they're all wanted except the younger of the twins—say, that'll sound funny, wont it?—by the city police. But I'm afraid," he said, perplexed, "I can't pronounce the ladies' names on these cards. Nord—Nordjor—Mlle. Nordj—but it doesn't matter. I'll just say 'young ladies,' eh?"

Bennett got awake with a start. "Did he say—the name on one of my cards?" he whispered.

"He tried to," said Moore. He swore inwardly at the cigarette pictures, and worked himself into an ugly mood.

Bennett grew very pale. He glanced around the cage. High up in the partition there was a transom light swung half open.

"Here, Moore, I want to see those cards. Give me a boost, and don't walk out from under me like you did at Milliken's. Quiet and steady now!"

When he descended he was still paler, and his eyes seemed sunken. "We want to get out of here, Moore; pretty quick, too."

"With two-inch iron bars, a double lock, and a cop between us and the street it's very likely, isn't it," Moore growled back in an undertone.

"Have you a cigarette?"

"A cigarette! Why, you don't smoke!"

"I know, I want to eat it."

"Eat it! You're crazy, man."

"Not so loud," Bennett cautioned. "Have you one?"

"Yes."

"Well, see here. We've got to get out and get to the church before the crowd that's just left gets there. They'll stop at every corner

to talk about it. Give me that cigarette. I'll eat it, and it'll act as an emetic. You call out to the cop in the next room that I'm injured internally by that fall I had, and tell him as tragically as you can, for heaven's sake to get me out where there is some air, and to run for a doctor, while you pour water on me. If he doesn't go, you bolt and go straight to the rear door of the church. I'll writhe around the floor 'till I get to the door, then I'll bolt after you. I can beat him. He's too fat, and keep to the alleys. Do you understand? Then give me the cigarette."

When Bennett turned down the nearest alley, the strong right arm of the law stood staring out in the darkness in blank amazement. And when he got to the church, he found no one but Moore in sight.

"Moore," he said, "I'm going in and up that stairway at the back. You wait here, and when the cops come, if they do before I get down, come inside and tell me which one is stationed outside."

He hurried inside and carefully went part way up the stairs. From where he stood only the younger of the "twin sisters" was visible. Motioning wildly with his arms, he caught her attention. The audience was at prayer, so that when she suddenly grew pale and put her hand to her heart. No one but Bennett noticed it. At his signal she arose quietly and followed him down the steps. He simply whispered, "A wholesale raid," and she clutched his arm tightly. A little color appeared in his face, but he said nothing. At the bottom they met Moore who glanced for a moment at the girl. Then he whispered to Bennett, "They're here; one is just outside. The rest are massing in the vestibule. There! You can hear the commotion begin already. Micky Collum's the one outside."

Bennett glanced quickly around. There were no windows. "Now listen both of you," he said, "Nature favors us. Micky's very bowlegged. You and I," nodding to the girl, "will rush past him on his right. I'll be on

the side next to him—interfere you know. And Moore, you don't mind sliding do you? Well, slide beautifully clean through his legs, and pick yourself up as quickly as you can, and run down to the left. Between our dodging and your sliding he'll get rattled. Anyhow, he daren't give chase, because he must keep guard."

They all stood silently a moment. The commotion increased overhead. "Now!" said Bennett. Both doors burst suddenly open, and the startled officer turned and drew in his breath with a jerk. There was a hurried rush, a few angry words, two fleeting figures, a third rolling in the dust, but soon quickly running down the street, a few stray shots, and then nothing but the noise in the church above and the wrathful mutterings of the outwitted policeman.

Moore was wearily dragging himself up towards his rooms, where he noticed a light at Bennett's window. He wanted to go up to relieve his mind of some things he had thought out since the first sprint to Milliken's. But he was afraid Bennett would want him to help capture the whole city and town forces combined, or to take part in some other wild and erratic scheme; and he thought he would better go on. But he wanted to swear at somebody, especially Bennett, and he made up his mind to flatly refuse to be an accomplice in any more romantic rescues.

He was about half way up the steps when he heard voices in Bennett's room.

"You see," Bennett was saying, slowly, "I'll be graduated in June, and then we can get out some place where people only look to the future. Mrs. Bennett will be sent up for about five years, I fancy, so she can't trouble us." Then after a pause, "Do you promise?"

"Yes," a girl's voice faltered, "but I really couldn't help myself, Sid. Indeed I couldn't. Your father saved you."

Bennett was silent a moment. "Confound that judge anyhow. I don't see why he couldn't have given both of us to father when he granted

the divorce. But my head brings me to the immediate present. Take one of those towels, will you, and soak it with hot water over in the bath room. I think that'll relieve the pain and stop the jumping."

Moore stayed in the shadow of the stairway until the girl passed down the hall. Then he quietly entered the room.

"You, Moore?" asked Bennett, wearily. He was stretched out on a couch.

"What's left of me," Moore assented rather ungracefully.

"I wish you'd do me a favor, Moore."

"Now, look here,"—Moore began.

"Burn those cigarette pictures, will you?" Bennett interrupted quietly.

"Oh, you found them. Where were they?"

"On the floor."

"Who is she?" Moore picked one up and examined it.

"My sister."

"And the other?" picking it up.

"Her mother."

When the girl entered, her brother was asleep, and Moore was pensively toying with the ashes of the pictures. M. D.

AN ALMA MATER SONG.

WHERE the Lehigh's rocky rapids
Rush from out the west,
'Mid a grove of spreading chestnuts,
Walls in ivy dressed,
On the breast of old South Mountain,
Reared against the sky,
Stands our noble *Alma Mater*,
Stands our dear Lehigh.

Like a watchman on the mountain
Stands she grandly bold,
Earth and Heaven's secrets seeking,
Hoarding them like gold.
All she wrests from nature's storehouse—
Naught escapes her eye—
Gives she gladly to her dear sons,
While we bless Lehigh.

We will ever live to love her,
Live to praise her name,
Live to make our lives add lustre
To her glorious fame.
Let the glad notes wake the echoes,
Joyfully we cry:
Hail to thee, our *Alma Mater*!
Hail, all hail, Lehigh!

THE FLIRT'S SOLACE.

HE begged me, when he said farewell,
To banish all regret;
Said, as for him, about our "tiff"
He surely would not fret.
Yet when he home had wandered slow,
The better to forget,
He softly thrummed his banjo—so
He after all did fret.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—We all know that we have a very good foot-ball team this year and we are very proud of it. The attendance so far has been encouraging, the cheering has been good, and taken altogether athletics seem at last to be traveling the high-road to success.

There is one thing, however, that we would suggest to the leaders of the cheering, and that is that they abolish the cheering for individual members of the team. We should heartily encourage the whole team by cheering loudly for Lehigh, for it is for the glory of Lehigh that we are all working, but let us confine the Che he, che ha, solely to saluting the Alumni who may appear on the field from time to time. Individual cheering is rarely heard at the larger colleges and universities; it is urged that it is fatal to the best team work, and altogether detrimental to that unity of action which is such a strong factor of success, especially in foot-ball.

This may not be a very important point, but let us give it a trial at the next game by venting our enthusiasm at some particularly brilliant play with the good old Hoo, rah, ray, for Lehigh, and let us allow the Che he, che ha to sink into innocuous desuetude.

AN UPPER CLASSMAN.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Several Alumni were gathered in my room the other night discussing your editorial on the custom which now prevails of the various fraternities meeting on different evenings. There ought to be no doubt in anybody's mind that such a practice is fraught with evil. The objections, which were brought out in your article by no means exhausted the subject. For many reasons the practice in this matter now in vogue ought to be wiped out. "Fraternity night" at Yale is one of the choicest institutions of the place. Why could it not be made so at Lehigh? It would not only act beneficially upon the life of

the student-body as a whole, but would react with a wholesome effect upon the fraternities themselves. As you suggest, let some of the class social organizations take the matter up and push it through.

ALUMNUS.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—For the past two years I have been connected with an organization which holds frequent meetings and includes in its membership many fraternity men. Our work has been retarded during that period by the fact that we cannot get a night for meetings which suits all the so-called "Greeks." I have even seen at times, that meetings on the evenings of days on which recitations are held, would conflict with fraternity meetings. If my experience in this matter is shared by many others, I should think your agitation in favor of a common night for meeting for all the fraternities would meet with general approval.

MANAGER.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Your editorial deploring the fact that there is no such thing as "fraternity night" at Lehigh, reminds me that a few years back this question came very near a settlement. Several of the older fraternities, who of course have the most to lose in abiding by a decision by which their own meeting night would be changed, had agreed to put the matter to a vote by delegates to be sent by those fraternities agreeing to abide by the decision of the majority. Unfortunately the moving spirit in this admirable project left the University suddenly, and thus far no Elisha has appeared to take his cloak. To my certain knowledge three of the fraternities are ready and anxious to join hands in putting the thing through.

UNDERGRADUATE.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—In a recent issue you published an editorial on the subject of having all the fraternities at Lehigh meet on the same evening of the week. This is a question which from the beginning of fraternity life at Lehigh has received considerable

thought from those who have the best interests of the University at heart.

A few years back a loyal wearer of the Brown and White really started a movement which had this end in view. Unfortunately he was "removed" before he had time to carry out his scheme. He belonged to one of the best of the fraternities and had a few close friends in some of the others. It was his plan to have the three or four societies so represented, decide on a night and then in the course of time ask others to fall in line.

It appears to me that this is the course that will have to be followed out if any definite results are to be attained. Is there not some energetic spirit now at Lehigh so situated that he can at least start the ball rolling?

'89.

DE ALUMNIS.

J. S. Robeson, '86, formerly superintendent of the Pottstown Iron Works, and later with the Carnegie Company at the Edgar Thompson Mills at Braddock, Pa., has opened an office in Pittsburg as a consulting metallurgical engineer. He is one of the firm of Harts-horne & Robeson, 816 Lewis Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

C. H. Durfee, '93, has gone into the real estate and cotton business with his father at Fall River, Mass.

R. G. Cooke has left the *Sun* and is at present with Harper Brothers, New York.

R. S. Huse, ex-'95, is instructor in mathematics at the Suwanee Grammar School, Suwanee, Tenn.

Frank Farquar, ex-'89, has gone to Cuba to develop mining interests there.

Carson, '89, is filling the position of assistant road foreman of engineers at Columbia, Pa.

M. H. Holz, '94, is at Cornell taking a special course in electricity.

F. W. Gladding, '94, is with the Philadelphia Traction Company.

J. DuBose Ferguson, '94, is in the maintenance of way department of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

Sept. 12, 1894. College opened 3.20 P.M. Announcement of Gen. Doster's prize scholarship for Freshmen. Freshman Class elections. Results: T. B. Wood, President; C. Becerra, Athletic Representative; H. P. Wilbur, Treasurer.

Sept. 15. Y. M. C. A. reception to new-comers.

Sept. 19. Sophomore Class elections. Results: G. C. White, President; A. H. Serrell, Vice-President; O. MacKnight, Treasurer; B. O. Curtis, Secretary; B. O. Curtis, Historian; G. Yates, Athletic Representative; G. C. White, member of Auditing Committee.

Sept. 21. Senior Mechanicals' trip to Niagara Falls.

Sept. 22. Base-Ball. Senior Civils defeat Freshmen (8-2).

Sept. 26. Foot-Ball. Temperance Team defeats Sophomores (4-0).

Sept. 29. Foot-Ball. Lehigh defeats Rutgers (24-0).

Oct. 2. Junior Class election. Results: H. W. Baldwin, President; J. G. Beach, Vice-President; D. W. Bliem, Secretary; E. M. Durham, Historian; J. Thurston, Athletic Representative; E. W. Miller, member of Auditing Committee; J. R. Wilson, Treasurer.

Oct. 3. Foot-Ball. Sophomores defeat Junior E. E.'s (4-0).

Oct. 4. Senior Class elections. Results: J. Poulteney, President; C. F. Townsend, Vice-President; J. H. Phillips, Treasurer; N. P. Massey, Athletic Representative; F. A. McKenzie, Historian; J. E. Brooks, Auditor.

Oct. 5. College elections. Results: C. F. Maurice, Manager Lacrosse Team; E. M. Durham, Assistant Manager; W. C. Dickerman, Assistant Manager Base-Ball Team; F. A. Daboll, Assistant Manager Foot Ball Team.

Oct. 6. Foot-ball, Princeton defeats Lehigh (8-0). Lecture in evening by Dr. Caskey in Physical Laboratory under auspices of Y. M. C. A.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—Sanford, Yale, '95, is playing on the Crescent Athletic Club foot-ball team.

—The San Francisco public schools have received a gift of \$500,000 from Philip Armour, of Chicago, for the establishment of a manual training school in which to teach trades to boys.

THE ART OF POETRY.

How easy it is to write verse,
Here's a sample that's neat also terse.

Rhyme violets
With triplets,
And pansies
With fancies,
Rhyme roses
With posies,
And lilies
With— what?

And then you'll give up with a curse.

—*Brunonian.*

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere.

❖THE LEHIGH SPOON.❖

*We have just completed a New Spoon for the College.
The bowl is made in the form of a foot ball, the handle contains a
base-ball and bat, rope for tug-of-war, and a pennant in brown enamel
with the letters L-e-h-i-g-h brought out in white.
Your inspection is earnestly requested.*

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Our stock for Fall and
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Ready Made and Made to Measure.

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YOUNG men's full
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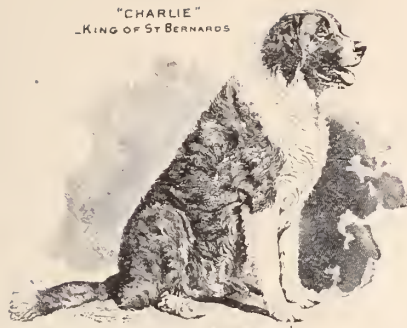
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—Cornell's new athletic building is almost completed. The cost is about \$6000.

—There is an article on "Foot-Ball Training," by A. G. Lathrop, of Harvard, in this month's number of *Outing*.

—The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have authorized the immediate construction of two new dormitories.

—The military company recently organized at Harvard has adopted the name "Harvard Rifles." The regular routine will consist of drilling, parade, signalling, and target practice.

—Previous to 1883, Harvard and Princeton played six games, and of these Princeton won four, Harvard one, and one resulted in a tie. Since 1883, the games resulted as follows: 1883—Princeton 26, Harvard 7; 1884—Princeton 34, Harvard 0; 1885—no game; 1886—Princeton 12, Harvard 0; 1888—Princeton 18, Harvard 6; 1889—Princeton 41, Harvard 15.

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graceful, light, and strong, this product of the oldest bicycle establishment in America still retains its place at the head. Always well up to the times or a little in advance, its well-deserved and ever increasing popularity is a source of pride and gratification to its makers. To ride a bicycle and not to ride a Columbia is to fall short of the fullest enjoyment of a noble sport.

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